Gre. Naie, I dare not ſweare it.
Tran. Then thou wert beſt ſay that I am not *Lucentio*.
Gre. Yes I know thee to be ſignior *Lucentio*.
Bap. Away with the dotard, to the laile with him.

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca

Vin. Thus ſtrangers may be haild and abuſd: oh monſtrous villaine.
Bion. Oh we are ſpoil'd, and yonder he is, deuie him, forſweare him, or elſe wee are all vndone.
Exit Biondello, Tranio and Pedant as faſt as may be.
Luc. Pardon ſweete father. *Kneele.*
Vin. Liues my ſweete ſonne?
Bian. Pardon deere father.
Bap. How haſt thou offended, where is *Lucentio*?
Luc. Heere's *Lucentio*, right ſonne to the right *Vincentio*,
That haue by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit ſuppoſes bleer'd thine eine.
Gre. Heere's packing with a witneſſe to deceiue vs all.
Vin. Where is that damned villaine *Tranio*,
That fac'd and braued me in this matter ſo?
Bap. Why, tell me is not this my *Cambio*?
Bian. *Cambio* is chang'd into *Lucentio*.
Luc. Loue wrought theſe miracles. *Biancas* loue
Made me exchange my ſtate with *Tranio*,
While he did beare my countenance in the Towne,
And happilie I haue arriued at the laſt
Vnto the wiſhed hauen of my bliſſe:
What *Tranio* did, my ſelfe enforſt him to;
Then pardon him ſweete Father for my ſake.
Vin. Ile ſlit the villaines noſe that would haue ſent me to the laile.
Bap. But doe you heare ſir, haue you married my daughter without asking my good will?
Vin. Feare not *Baptiſta*, wee will content you, go to:
but I will in to be reueng'd for this villanie. *Exit.*
Bap. And I to ſound the depth of this knauerie, *Exit.*
Luc. Looke not pale *Bianca*, thy father will not frowne.
Exeunt.

Gre. My cake is dough, but Ile in among the reſt,
Out

Out of hope of all, but my ſhare of the feaſt.
Kate. Husband let's follow, to ſee the end of this adoe.
Petr. Firſt kiſſe me *Kate*, and wee will.
Kate. What in the midſt of the ſtreete?
Petr. What art thou aſham'd of me?
Kate. No ſir, God forbid, but aſham'd to kiſſe.
Petr. Why then let's home againe: Come Sirrah let's away.
Kate. Nay, I will giue thee a kiſſe, now pray Loue ſtay.
Petr. Is not this well? come my ſweete *Kate*.
Better once then neuer, for neuer too late. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Baptiſta, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, and Bianca, Tranio, Biondello Grumio, and widdow: The ſeruingmen with Tranio bringing in a Banquet.

Luc. At laſt, though long, our iarring notes agree,
And time it is when raging warre is come,
To ſmile at ſcapes and perils ouerblowne:
My faire *Bianca* bid my father welcome,
While I with ſelfe ſame kindneſſe welcome thine:
Brother *Petruchio*, ſiſter *Katerina*,
And thou *Hortenſio* with thy louing *Widdow*:
Feaſt with the beſt, and welcome to my houſe,
My banket is to cloſe our ſtomakes vp
After our great good cheere: pray you ſit downe,
For now wee ſit to chat as well as eate.
Petr. Nothing but ſit and ſit, and eate and eate.
Bap. *Padua* affoords this kindneſſe ſonne *Petruchio*.
Petr. *Padua* affords nothing but what is kinde.
Hor. For both our ſakes I would that word were true.
Pet. Now for my life *Hortenſio* feares his Widow.
Wid. Then neuer truſt me if I be affeard.
Petr. You are very ſenſible, and yet you miſſe my ſence: